*Enter Clifford, and Warwicke offers to fight with him.*

Hold *Warwicke*, and ſeeke thee out ſome other chaſe,
My ſelfe will hunt this Deare to death.

*War.* Braue Lord, tis for a Crowne thou fights,
Clifford farwell, as I intend to proſper well to day,
It grieues my ſoule to leaue thee vnaſſailde.

*Exit Warwicke.*

*Yorke.* Now Clifford, ſince we are ſingled heere alone,
Be this the day of doome to one of vs,
For now my heart hath ſworne immortall hate
To thee, and all the houſe of *Lancaſter*.

*Cliffrd.* And heere I ſtand, and pitch my foote to thine,
Vowing neuer to ſtir, till thou or I be ſlaine.
For neuer ſhall my heart be ſafe at reſt,
Till I haue ſpoild the hatefull houſe of *Yorke*.

*Alarmes, and they fight, and Yorke kils Clifford.*

*Yorke.* Now *Lancaſter* ſit ſure, thy ſinewes ſhrinke,
Come fearefull *Henry* grouelling on thy face,
Yeeld vp thy Crowne vnto the Prince of *Yorke*.

*Exit Yorke.*

*Alarmes, then enter young Clifford alone.*

*Yong Clifford.* Father of Cumberland,
VVhere I may ſeeke my aged Father forth ?
Oh diſmall ſight, ſee where he breathleſſe lies,
All ſmeard and weltred in his luke-warme blood,
Ah, aged pillar of all Cumberlands true houſe,
Sweete father, to thy murdred ghoſt I ſweare
Immortall hate vnto the houſe of *Yorke*,
Nor neuer ſhall I ſleepe ſecure one night,
Till I haue furiouſly reuendge thy death,
And left not one of them to breathe on earth.

*He takes him vp on his backe.*

And thus as old *Ankiſes* ſonne did beare
His aged father on his manly backe,
And fought with him againſt the bloody Greekes,
Euen ſo will I. But ſtay, heer's one of them,
To whom my ſoule hath ſworne immortall hate.

*Enter*



*Enter Richard, and then Clifford layes downe his fath*
*him, and Richard flies away againe.*

Out crook'd-backe villaine, get thee from my ſig
But I will after thee, and once againe
(When I haue borne my father to his Tent)
Ile try my fortune better with thee yet.

*Exit yong Clifford*

*Alarmes againe, and then enter three or foure, bea*
*of Buckingham wounded to his Tent.*

*Alarmes ſtill, and then enter the King and Q*

*Queene.* Away my Lord, and flye to London
Make haſt, for vengeance comes along with them
Come, ſtand not to expoſtulate, let's go.

*King.* Come then faire Queene, to London let
And ſummon vp a Parliament with ſpeede,
To ſtop the fury of theſe dyre euents.

*Exit Ki*

*Alarmes, and then a flouriſh, and enter the K*
*Yorke, Edward, and Richard.*

*Yorke.* How now boyes, fortunate this fight ha
I hope to vs and ours, for Englands good,
And our great honour, that ſo long we loſt,
Whilſt faint-heart Henry did vſurpe our rights.
But did you ſee old Salsbury, ſince we
With bloody minds did buckle with the foe?
I would not for the loſſe of this right hand,
That ought but well betide that good old man.

*Rich.* My Lord, I ſaw him in the thickeſt thron
Charging his Lance with his old weary armes,
And thrice I ſaw him beaten from his horſe,
And thrice this hand did ſet him vp againe,
And ſtill he fought with courage gainſt his foes,
The boldeſt ſpirited man that ere mine eyes behel